ACTOR BECOMES BROKER.

NATHANIEL HARTWIG IS NOW BROKER BARUCH.

He Abandoned the Stage Because He Thought the Field It Offered Too Limited, and He Purchased a Seat on the New York Stock Exchange—Hartwig's Stage Career.

If the girls who used to lose themselves in contemplative rapture as they gazed at Nathaniel Hartwig, actor, when he played leading parts with Miss Marie Wainwright and Miss Olga Nethersole, want to look upon their heart's delight in public any more they will have to give up the theatre balconies for the women's gallery of the Stock Exchange. And if they ask questions it will do them no good to inquire for Mr. Hartwig. Nathaniel Hartwig, in the progress from the stage to 'Change has become Hartwig Nathaniel Baruch. That is the name his parents gave him. When he went upon the stage a few years ago Bob Hilliard suggested to him that for his professional name he reverse the order of his "first" names and drop his surname. He did so, and ever since has been known as Nathaniel Hartwig. He has quit the stage now, bought a seat in the Stock Exchange, and gone back, for commercial and all other purposes, to the family cognomen.

Mr. Baruch's career as an actor was brief, but he achieved an unusual degree of prominence in a few years, and he acted in juvenile and leading parts in almost every city in the United States. He is not yet 30 years old. He admits that, to use his own words, he had rather act than eat. But he had rather retain what he considers the proper dignity of his manhood than act.

"I love my art," he said yesterday, "but the time has come, apparently, when one must put put up with various indignities if he is to pursue a career on the stage, and I had rather preserve my manhood than stoop to a manager. And there is little chance now for great parts. The public taste does not demand the sort of stage productions in which there are great parts, to any extent. I am ambitious. I gave my whole life to my profession; strove to learn all that I could that would be of benefit to me in my work, and I wanted to advance constantly. I met with a measure of success, for which I was grateful. But I came to a point where I found I couldn't advance except under conditions which I could not brook, where I would have to take a step downward, and I couldn't do it. I decided to give up the work and devote myself to a different career, in which I believe I see wider opportunities, and to which I shall stick. I have given up the stage for good and all.

"I had some difficulty in becoming an actor. I always wanted to follow that life, but my parents were opposed to it. I studied different parts, and acted in private when I could. I went once to Mr. Daniel Frohman and asked him to help me. He told me to learn my business and he would send for me. I went one day to a matinée given by Dion Boucicault's pupils in the Madison Square Theatre eight years ago. Many professional people were in the boxes. How well I remember it. Like most young and would-be actors, I suppose, I believed I could do something great if I had the opportunity. I can look at it now as other people do. Then I thought it was very big. Mr. Boucicault came out and apologized to the audience for his inability to present the gambling scene from "Camille." He was especially sorry, he said, because he had greatly wished to introduce a young woman pupil, of whom he felt proud, as *Camille*, but the young man who was to play *Armand* was ill and he had no one to take his place. I arose and said that I would play *Armand*. The audience began to laugh uproariously. Boucicault asked who I was and whether I was a professional. I said that I was not a professional and that probably he didn't know me, but that I wanted to act and could play *Armand*. He asked if I knew the part, and I said I did. He then told me to come up and see him. The audience was having all kinds of fun and the hilarity increased when, in my eagerness, which induced some embarrassment, I took him at his word literally, and tried to climb over the footlights. He told me to go to the stairs. I did so, and after he had talked to me the 'Camille' scene was put on. The audience laughed some more when I appeared, but there was applause when the scene ended.

"Mr. Boucicault asked me to take lessons and I told him I couldn't; that my father was opposed to my going on the stage and would not give me the money. He finally said that he would instruct me, and he talked with Mr. Palmer and I was set to work un er studying different parts. I met Mrs. Frank Sanger just as 'Mr. Barnes of New York' was to be put on the stage, and she said that I looked something like a Corsican and that people wouldn't know whether my negro dialect—I was born in the South and talked in that way, you know—was what it was or an attempt at Corsican accent. I might, she said, play *Antonio Paoli*, and I did. That was my first part.

"I went then to the Boston Museum to get the benefit of further study, but my negro dialect was getting worse and I set about getting rid of that. Then I met Robert Mantell, then in the height of his popularity, and played leading parts with him for a year, leaving him to join the same kind of work with Miss Wainwright, with whom I continued for three years. Last year I went with Miss Nethersole, playing leading parts with her, and the whole season was one continued ovation. The reason I was with her was this: Mr. Frohman kept me after I had learned my business and he did send for me. He was in England, and when he closed arrangements with Miss Nethersole he cabled his man here to send for me. I went to see Mr. Bunce and was engaged. When I went to the Lyceum Theatre the next day, on my way out I thought I would stop in at his office and suggest going out for some refreshment. There seemed to be no one there and I stepped inside to make sure about it, when I almost stumbled over Mr. Bunce's body on the floor. You remember he was found dead there. I was the one who found him.

"I have told you of the success of the season with Miss Nethersole. It reached its climax on the final night in Philadelphia. It was the day of the unveiling of the Washington monument and many officials from Washington were in the city. The theatre was crowded. Miss Nethersole is, I think, the greatest, the most forceful woman acting on the English-speaking stage. No one could help acting with her. To play with her is like playing beside an electric battery. That night we were both inspired and the calls before the curtain were many. At the end of the play, when we were out, there were calls of my name and for a speech. First I was embarrassed, but when there were more calls I found myself obliged to speak. I felt the compliment deeply. I had worked hard to make a place for myself through the several years since I began with Mr. Boucicault and the appreciation was welcome. I was proud of that night's experience. But what to do next I didn't know. That was the end of the season. Miss Nethersole offered me an engagement to go to England but could only guarantee me eight weeks and that would have left me at a bad time for other engagements either here or in England.

"I wanted, too, to go on to a larger part, or at least where there was opportunity for some great part, and I felt, too, that I should get salary commensurate with the work I had done and was doing. I had before accepted small salaries for the purpose of getting opportunities in good parts. But there was nothing on. What is there there now, for instance, that has any great part to give to a leading man? It seemed to me that I had got to a point where I couldn't, in the conditions, advance, go on, and I wouldn't go back. I couldn't bide my time. My brother Bernard, who is a member of the firm of A. A. Housman & Co., commission brokers, saw me moping one day and asked me what was the matter. I told him how I felt, and he asked if I wouldn't like to give up the stage and go into Wall Street. His suggestion took hold of me. I looked into the matter, applied for membership in the Exchange, and fortunately was accepted and there's the whole story. I have given up the stage for good. I have some thousands of dollars invested in Wall street now, and I shall stay there. I was hazed most beautifully the day before yesterday and felt lucky to get out with anything whole. Yesterday I executed my first order as a broker on the floor of the Exchange.

"I have written some plays in collaboration with Mrs. Florence Scheffel, and one, 'The Mystery of Agatha Page,' I produced in the West. It was roasted! Oh, how it was roasted!—in Chicago. And then in Kansas City and St. Louis it was well received and made money. If I write any more, it will be as a pastime; but I shall not write any more plays as a business."

Bernard M. Baruch vouches for his brother's last statement. Being in Wall street himself, he says he can aver that the broker's business will take all his brother's time and energies. Mr. Baruch, the actor that was, the broker that is, has none of the ostentatious manner that sometimes sits hard on people of the stage when telling of their own exploits. He told his story as unaffectedly and unassumingly as a schoolboy, giving the account of the rough criticisms which his work had sometimes met as readily as the pleasantest part of his narrative.

Mrs. Ronayne's Case Postponed.

Thomas H. Ronayne, a lawyer, of 311 West Fifty-fourth street, whose wife was arrested on Friday afternoon, charged with stealing a 28-cent handkerchief at Walton's dry goods store at 853 Eighth avenue, appeared in the West Side Court yesterday with a physician's certificate that Mrs. Ronayne was suffering from nervous prostration. The case was set down for Thursday.

Electrical Workers to Get $3.50 a Day.

It was announced yesterday that the arbitration committee which has charge of the dispute between the Electrical Contractors' Association and the Electrical Workers' Union has reached a settlement, fixing the rate of wages at $3.50 a day instead of $4, which the men demanded.

DR. WEBB, CHRISTMAS HOST.

Joyous Festival in His Barn at Shelburne Farms.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 25.—Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb gave a Christmas festival to the children of Trinity parish and Shelburne Farms, the exercise being held in the ring building at the breeding barn, which is situated only a short distance from the doctor's summer home at Shelburne Farms. The invitations were limited for the most part to children, but in many cases included the farm employees, nearly all of whom were present. As early as 4 o'clock this afternoon the guests began to arrive, being received at the entrance to the barn by Dr. Webb. The ring building was lighted by calcium lights. Seats had been provided for 500 persons, every one of which was occupied. The hall was decorated with holly and mistletoe.

During the time while the guests were arriving Mr. Clayton Webb presided over a phonograph, which gave great enjoyment to the little ones. It was 4:30 o'clock when the big doors were closed, and the opera house orchestra played a march, followed by a selection from the opera "Amorita." The next numbers on the programme were the Christmas carols, "Shepherds Watched the Flocks by Night," "Shout the Glad Tidings," and "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne," by the boy choir of Trinity Church, consisting of seventeen voices, directed by Mr. D. Lloyd Jones of Shelburne.

Vanderbilt Webb, aged 6, dressed as Santa Claus and with a snow white beard reaching half way to the floor, recited "The Night Before Christmas," needing little prompting by his father. At 5:30 o'clock the curtains were drawn aside, and a Christmas tree lighted with many hundred candles and filled with cornucopias was disclosed, while around three sides of the room, which had been decorated with fir trees and evergreen were piled high hundreds of presents. Dr. Webb, assisted by his wife and daughter Fredrika, presided at the distribution, the doctor personally handing to each recipient his gift. All the gifts had been previously arranged by families, it being understood that when the name of a child was called all present bearing that name should go forward.

The distribution of the presents occupied fully three-quarters of an hour, and included among other gifts fifty gold watches, each in a leather case bearing the name of its new owner; fur coats, caps, gloves, many articles of clothing for the little ones, not to mention a vast quantity of dolls and confections.

After all had received their presents, Dr. and Mrs. Webb conducted the smaller children to the Christmas tree and gave to each a cornucopia filled with candy. To each member of the boy choir was given a purse containing a crisp bank note.

Dr. Webb then invited all children under 10 years to go with him on a fishing expedition to a "fish pond" prepared in the hall and within which sat Miss Fredrika and Mr. Creighton Webb, hidden from view by a high wall over which the little ones, aided by Dr. and Mrs. Webb and their sons, J. Watson Seward and Vanderbilt, cast their lines. Out of this pond were taken many costly toys. Here Dr. Webb took special pains to prompt his brother and daughter regarding the personality of the fishermen, and the look of disgust that came upon the face of Master Vanperbilt Webb as he drew from the pond a negro doll baby was worthy of comedy.

A collation was served at 6:30 o'clock. While the hall was being cleared for dancing a fifty-pound bag of candy, suspended from the ceiling of the ring building, was broken by four boys who previously had been blindfolded. The candy went to those who contrive to enter the scramble for it on the floor, which had been covered with canvas to receive it. Dancing was begun prompt at 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Webb and Mr. A. Taylor and Mrs. Gebhardt and Dr. Webb leading the first cotillion. It was 11:30 when the last waltz was over and all had bade good night to host and hostess.

LONDON'S CHRISTMAS.

A Foggy Day—1,500,000 Parcels Pass Through the Post Office.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—London is spending her Christmas enveloped in frost and fog, but the fog is not the objectionable sooty yellow that Londoners know and dread. To-day's fog is only a white haze which the red afternoon sun manages to penetrate and brighten. There has been a steady frost for two days and there is already some skating; but the fog impedes railroad traffic in the suburbs, and likewise the mails which, especially the foreign and Colonial mails, are larger than ever before.

The number of parcels received and despatched at the Central office, during the week, was nearly a million and a half. Owing to insufficient addresses and other reasons, the lost property department in the cold air cellars at the Post Office, were crowded with turkeys, geese, game and suckling pigs. Over 3,000 cases of unclaimed whiskey, wines and cigars, not being perishable, give less trouble.

The busiest people in London to-day are the pantomime companies. They are rehearsing morning and night. All the pantomimes will be produced on Monday, when the rivalry will be keen, as an unusual number of theatres have selected the same tale. "Aladdin," "Dick Whittington" and "Cinderella" are the subjects at twenty London and suburban theatres.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

No Social Festivities of Any Kind, and Only Two Guests at the Family Dinner.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Christmas weather in Washington was unusually fine to-day, clear, cold and bracing, and everybody seemed to feel the beneficial effects of it. At the White House it was the quietest day that has been known in a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are in mourning, so that there were no social festivities of any character.

This morning the President and his wife took a drive, notwithstanding the excessive cold, and returned to the White House at 11 o'clock. Contrary to expectation, neither of them attended church. Many friends sent flowers and Christmas cards and other tokens of remembrance.

The family dinner party was attended by the Misses Duncan and Barber only who are Mrs. McKinley's guests. Secretary and Mrs. Porter have gone to Connecticut to spend the holidays.

SAW CROKER AT HIS CLUB.

Plunkitt Gets Alderman Muh Into the Sinking Fund.

Richard Croker visited the Democratic Club yesterday with Justice Edward F. O'Dwyer of the City Court. He spent considerable time at the club, which he is to make his political headquarters. He returned to the Murray Hill Hotel in the evening, where he met and conferred with Mayor-elect Van Wyck, John F. Carroll, George W. Plunkitt, Alderman Robert Muh, Edward C. Sheehy, and Maurice F. Holahan. Tax Commissioner Theodore Sutro, who desires to be retained in office under the new administration, also called and talked with Mr. Croker and the Mayor-elect.

One result of the conferences held last evening was the announcement that Alderman Muh had been slated for Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen. He will be formally selected for this place at a caucus of the Democratic Aldermen elect, to be held to-morrow. This Chairmanship will make him a Commissioner of the Sinking Fund. District Leader George W. Plunkitt was the Alderman's political backer for this place. It is a great big Christmas plum for Mr. Plunkitt, as well as for his Alderman.

It was admitted by Tammany leaders last night that members of the present Board of Education will be removed by Mayor Van Wyck, as was stated in THE SUN yesterday. Just how the removal is to be accomplished none would say. Members of school boards are specially exempted from removal under the Mayor's general power of removal conferred by the charter during the first six months of the Mayor's term. Section 1,061 of the charter also expressly states that the members of the Board of Education of the present city of New York shall serve out their terms as members of the School Board for the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In face of these provisions of the charter it is said that Tammany lawyers have found a way to get rid of members of the School Board whose retention in office is not desired.

There is another way to remove them provided under section 1,087 of the charter. It is to be done by the Mayor "upon proof of official misconduct in office, or negligence of official duties, or of conduct in any manner connected with his official duties, or otherwise, which tends to discredit his office or the school system, or for mental or physical disability to perform his duties." An accused member is entitled to a hearing on charges under this section.

No Money for Presents—Killed Himself.

Christmas found Matthew Leddy, a bartender in a saloon at Forty-first street and Second avenue, without money enough to buy his little son a suitable present. This made him moody. He began drinking. Being a bartender he could do this without money.

Yesterday afternoon he went to his rooms at 220 East Thirty-ninth street and took a large dose of morphine. He was found last night at 10 o'clock and died with a physician working over him. Leddy was 37 years old and a widower.

MICHAEL'S VICTORY EASY.

THE ENGLISHMAN CHASE HARDLY IN THE RACE.

Eight Thousand Persons See the Welshman Win the Thirty-Mile Bicycle Match at Madison Square Garden—The Newcomer Outclassed—Some Lively Sprint Racing.

An enthusiastic crowd of about 8,000 persons gathered at Madison Square Garden last night to see a special programme of cycling events.

The chief feature was a thirty-mile match between Jimmy Michael, middle-distance champion, and Arthur A. Chase, described as middle-distance champion of England.

The word match was a misnomer, as Chase was "never in it." He was a good mile astern before half the distance had been covered.

The latest rival of the Welshman had several legitimate excuses to offer. He was poorly mounted, carelessly paced and had a couple of falls, the last of which put him clean out of the game.

The winner showed remarkable speed for ten miles, but subsequent delays rescued the records from any threatening danger.

The track was the old one remodelled so that the banking had a pitch of twelve feet. To prevent tumbles into space at either end guard rails of rope were constructed, and they filled the bill admirably.

The circuit was said to represent one-tenth of a mile, good measure.

That it was fast is shown by the times, and it will probably be retained as the standard during the season.

The star performers were preceded on the track by a veritable host of pacemakers mounted on tandems. Those selected to pilot Chase were: E. A. Wheelock and G. J. Fulford, Jean Gougoltz and D. Namberjack, F. J. Titus and Nat Butler, E. A. McDuffee and A. Tarment, Fred Chase and James Warburton, W. F. Simms and Fred Simms, C. S. Wells and Bob Walthour, B. B. Stevens and Joe Verner, Charles Turville and Clem Turville, H. R. Steenson and Joe Juige, Frank Walter and E. D. Stevens, W. H. Owen and Charles Hadfield.

Michael's pioneers were a speedy combination, as follows:

Jay Eaton and Teddy Goodman, Al Wienig and Al Newhouse, A. T. Crooks and Robert Miller, J. E. Walsh and L. Johnson, Clint Davis and Harry Elkes, E. C. Johnson and Burns Pierce, Fred Hoyt and Harry Caldwell, A. B. Stone and O. Hedstrom, Charles Murphy and C. S. Henshaw, G. Keyes and C. Lott, William Saunders and James McIntyre, H. Gilodoux and P. H. Johnson, F. Mayo and T. Barnaby, A. Jackson and L. P. Callahan.

The racing began shortly after 8 o'clock, with the trial heats of the one-mile professional invitation race. Gougoltz of France got the first slice of the applause by capturing the opening heat.

The next two heats were won respectively by R. A. Miller of New York and Nat Butler of Boston after comparative loafs. Hadfield of Newark won the fourth heat, and J. A. Newhouse of Buffalo the fifth.

The final was practically a duplicate of the fifth heat, as Newhouse again won; Teddy Goodman was second, and Weinig of Buffalo third.

Gougoltz, who had a strong following, had to be content with fourth place, although the time was much slower than he made in the trial heat.

The half-mile handicap for amateurs furnished some spirited racing.

Then Edouard Taylor demonstrated that he could move a bit by covering a mile, behind pace, in 1 minute 55 3-5 seconds, exceptional time for a ten-lap track.

Soon after Michael and Chase appeared, and everything else was forgotten. In the toss-up for choice Chase drew the inside berth for himself and choice of starting, and for his pacemakers. These he assigned to the Fourth avenue curve, and here the explanation comes in that the extreme crest of each bank rolled off into a comparatively flat platform, from which the pace-making tandems were started in turn.

As each double machine darted down the slope the effect was startling, even on the nerves of those who had shot the chutes at Coney Island and grown weary of tobogganing at other resorts.

Chase wore a light blue jersey, with the national banners of England and America crossed on his back. The international responsibility may have overtaxed him or he may have hit up his much-advertised plum pudding before instead of after the race.

Whatever was the matter he seemed as hopelessly outclassed as any of the others who have endeavored to pick whatever crumbs may happen to drop from Michael's table.

The newcomer was palpably nervous, while Michael quietly placidly chewed a toothpick and smiled like a boy expecting a special holiday treat. The Englishman used an unusually heavy wheel, geared to 104, while Michael used his favorite mount, geared to 106.

After the customary warming up of the pacers and a little more preliminaries the men were sent off about 10:30 o'clock.

Almost immediately there was a recall, as a tandem crowded Chase off the track. This led to a fresh start, and it at once became clear that Michael and his pacers were as much in touch as ever, while Chase found great difficulty in catching on.

Michael rapidly opened up a gap, and riding his first mile inside of two minutes, he soon overlapped his opponent. From then on it was literally a procession. Michael reeled off ten miles at almost a two-minute clip, and at that stage had a lead of almost seven laps.

On the thirteenth mile a tandem came down with a crash at the Madison avenue end, and the pace dropped considerably. Just after the half distance mark had been passed by the leaders another tandem went crash on the same turn, and both Michael and Chase went down in the tangle.

Chase changed wheels, but lost something by the operation. At seventeen miles Michael was thirteen laps to the good. He passed the twentieth mile mark in 42 minutes 26 3-5 seconds, and Chase again changed his wheel.

At twenty-three miles Michael led by seventeen laps, and the race was clearly over, bar accident. The accident came in due course, but to make matters worse, Chase was the victim.

Three tandems slid down each other on the Fourth avenue slope on the twenty-eighth mile, and the Englishman turned a somersault over the struggling heap of wheels and humanity.

The fall took all the ambition and most of the wind out of him, and he made no attempt to persevere further.

Chase was so badly shaken up that medical attendance was needed. He is said to be suffering from internal injuries.

Michael rode through without a hitch, and finished as shown in the appended table. Chase rode altogether 26 miles 3 laps. Summaries follow:

One-Mile, Professional, Invitation Race—First prize, $75; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; fourth prize, $10. Final heat won by Jean Gougoltz, France; Oscar Hedstrom, Brooklyn, second. Time, 2 minutes 12 2-5 seconds. Second Heat—Won by R. A. Miller, New York; Jay Eaton, Elizabeth, second. Time, 2 minutes 27 2-5 seconds. Third Heat—Won by Nat Butler, Boston; C. S. Henshaw, Brooklyn, second. Time, 2 minutes 23 2-5 seconds.

Fourth heat won by Charles Hadfield, Newark; F. C. Hoyt, Springfield, Mass., second. Time, 2 minutes 22 seconds. Fifth heat won by J. A. Newhouse, Buffalo; F. Goodman, New York, second. Time, 2 minutes 29 seconds. Sixth heat, E. Walsh, Boston; A. E. Weinig, Buffalo, and E. D. Stevens, Buffalo, qualified without racing.

Semi-Final Round—First heat won by Gougoltz, Henshaw second, Butler third. Time, 2 minutes 26 3-5 seconds. Second heat won by Newhouse, Goodman second, Weinig third. Time, 2 minutes 11 1-5 seconds.

Final Heat—Won by J. A. Newhouse, Goodman second, Weinig third, Gougoltz fourth. Time, 2 minutes 29 3-5 seconds.

Half-Mile Handicap, Amateur, Invitation—First heat won by J. Lesser, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, 40 yards; Joseph Thompson, Greenwich Wheelmen, 40 yards, second. Time, 1 minute 0 3-5 seconds. Second heat won by George Schofield, Richmond Hill, L. I., 25 yards; W. E. Mosher, Riverside Wheelmen, 15 yards, second. Time, 1 minute 5 1-5 seconds. Third heat won by F. L. Kramer, R. W., Newark, 10 yards; W. J. Durrant, N. Y. C. W., 35 yards, second. Time, 1 minute 7 1-5 seconds.

Final Heat—Won by Thompson, Schofield second, Lesser third. Time, 1 minute 4 3-5 seconds.

One-Mile Paced Exhibition, Professional—By Edouard Taylor, middle-distance champion of France. Time, 1 minute 55 3-5 seconds. First half in 58 seconds.

Half-Mile, Unpaced, Exhibition—By O. Babcock, Harlem Wheelmen. Time, 1 minute 2 1-5 seconds.

Thirty-mile Match Race—Between James Michael, middle-distance champion of America, and Arthur A. Chase, middle-distance champion of England. Michael lead at every mile.

Miles.	Time. M.	S.	Miles.	Time. M.	S.
1	59	4-5	16	33	36 3-5
2	3	55 2-5	17	35	39 4-5
3	6	50 1-5	18	38	14 4-5
4	7	50 2-5	19	40	19 4-5
5	9	54 4-5	20	42	26 3-5
6	11	57 1-5	21	44	32 2-5
7	14	00 3-5	22	46	38 4-5
8	16	04	23	48	47 4-5
9	18	07 3-5	24	51	00 4-5
10	20	06	25	53	07 3-5
11	22	05 3-5	26	55	15 4-5
12	24	07 3-5	27	57	24
13	26	10 3-5	28	59	34 4-5
14	28	16 3-5	29	61	49 4-5
15	30	24 3-5	30	64	05 1-5

Ice Yachting.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The ice on Orange Lake to-day is four and one-half inches thick, and in splendid condition for fast racing. There was no regular racing to-day, but the season was inaugurated by some of the skippers running up their sails and spinning over the glassy surface, to the delight of the spectators. The wind was stiff from the southwest, and the boats displayed their accustomed speed. If the cold weather continues the regular match races will be called the first of the week.

Mexico's Finances.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 25.—José Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury, estimates the receipts of the general Government for the fiscal year of 1898-99 at $52,109,500, and the expenditures at $52,089,484. The interest on the public debt has increased $600,000, owing to the higher rate of exchange.

MALARIAL OR YELLOW FEVER?

Purser Cockran of the Navahoe Dies After a Voyage from Hayti.

William C. Cockran, the purser of the Clyde line steamship Navahoe, which reached this port on Wednesday night, died yesterday afternoon at his home on Thirteenth avenue, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets, Brooklyn, of an illness in the course of which many of the symptoms of yellow fever were present.

Mr. Cockran had been ill about ten days. The Navahoe touched at Cape Haytien, Port de Paix, Gonaives, Port au Prince, Jeremie, Aux Cayes and Jacmel on her trip. The passengers came ashore on Thursday and Mr. Cockran went in a car to his home.

He called in Dr. W. S. Robbins of Fifty-seventh street and Twelfth avenue, Brooklyn.

Dr. Robbins diagnosed the disease as malarial fever. Mr. Cockran grew worse rapidly, and yesterday afternoon Dr. Wesley Sherman of Brooklyn, who was called in consultation, pronounced the disease yellow fever. Mr. Cockran was dying when the consultation was held. Dr. Robbins notified the Brooklyn Health Department of Mr. Cockran's death, and an expert in yellow fever visited the house last evening.

Even if Mr. Cockran had yellow fever there is no danger to persons who came in contact with him, as the disease is not contagious when the temperature is as low as it has been during the last week.

KILLED OVER A CARD QUARREL.

One Man Used a Beer Bottle and the Other a Knife in a Fight in the Dark.

FLOVILLA, Ga., Dec. 25.—As the result of a duel in the dark last night over a game of cards, Stobe Greer, a well-known young man of this place, is dead, and James Ball is dangerously wounded at his home here. They were good friends up to yesterday.

At dusk they met in an unused house near the town and began a gambling game called "skin." For some time the game progressed amicably, and finally ended with Ball well in the lead. With some courteous expression to Greer he gathered his winnings and started for the door.

Greer stopped him and said that the game had been unfair. He ordered Ball to return the money. Ball objected and attempted to force open the locked door. Greer then assaulted him with an empty beer bottle.

Dodging the blows as much as possible, Ball escaped into the next room, and then began a duel in the dark. It was only by the sense of feeling that the combatants could aim their blows. Occasionally Greer landed on Ball with the bottle. Ball used a knife which he had drawn.

Finally a blow from Ball's knife pierced Greer's heart. Ball then escaped. Later he was arrested. It is doubtful if he will live.

KNOCKED A PISTOL FROM THE SILL.

It Went Off and the Ball Hit Mrs. Blazer's Eye—The Wound Not Serious.

Mrs. Ellen Blazer of 312 East Twenty-fourth street visited her married daughter, Mrs. Schulum, last night at her home, 323 East Seventy-seventh street. Among Mr. Schulum's Christmas gifts was a revolver. It lay on the window sill in the front room. The window had been opened to admit fresh air, and Mrs. Blazer, becoming cold, went to shut it.

Her dress brushed the revolver off the sill to the floor. A cartridge was exploded. The ball grazed Mrs. Blazer's left eyeball, giving a painful but not serious wound. After the wound had been dressed by Surgeon Ryan of the Presbyterian Hospital, Mrs. Blazer went home.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BY WIRE.

Daughter of a Kansas Preacher Dies Without Personal Medical Attendance.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Dec. 25.—Evelyn Tindall, the 20-year-old daughter of the Rev. C. O. Tindall, died at 8 o'clock last evening after an illness of two weeks. She was treated by letter and telegram from a Christian Science Institute in Chicago, the Rev. Mr. Tindall having been a believer in Christian science. He made a trip to Chicago last summer. No physician was called in during the girl's illness. She had kidney trouble and malarial fever.

OBITUARY.

Capt. William H. Grace died on Friday afternoon at his home, 187 Joralemon street, Brooklyn, in his fifty-eighth year. He was prostrated with an attack of congestion of the brain in his real estate office, in Willoughby and Jay streets, on Wednesday morning and did not recover consciousness. He was a stalwart Republican, and his health is said to have become enfeebled by his arduous efforts in support of Gen. Tracy's candidacy in the recent campaign. He was born in Ireland, but he came to this country in early life. He graduated from a college in Boston, and soon after the close of the war took up his residence in Brooklyn. He was always aggressive in his Republicanism, and was rewarded for his political activity with a place in the Custom House during President Grant's second Administration. He was a strong advocate of protection of American industries, and he organized the Home and Country Protective Association. He was for many years a delegate to the Republican County Committee, and was a member of the Veteran Committee of the First Ward at the time of his death. In the closing week of the campaign he presided at a big rally for Gen. Tracy at the Clermont Avenue Rink. Since his retirement from the Custom House, about twenty-five years ago, he had been engaged in real estate and insurance business. He was an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist. He leaves a widow and two sons, one of whom is a student in Yale College. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning from the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Sidney place.

Abagiel Washci, known all over Vermont as "Aunt Abby," died at her home in Groton, in that State, yesterday, aged 100 years and 5 months. She was born on a farm, and had always lived on one. Her maiden name was Hosmer, and she married at 18, and of eleven children two are living, Frank and Darling, at Redmond, Me. Her grandfather and father were among the first settlers of the State. Mrs. Washci leaves 28 grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren and two great great-grandchildren.

William M. Smith died at his home in Newton, N. J., on Thursday, at the age of 44 years. He was Postmaster at Newton for five years, and was Chairman of the Republican County Committee of Sussex county from 1892 until the present year, when he resigned on account of bad health. His wife and one daughter survive him.

Electoral Juntas in Colombia.

COLON, Colombia, Dec. 14.—The elections for members of the electoral juntas who are to make nominations for the next President took place throughout this republic on Sunday, the 5th inst., and passed off quietly, although trouble was expected.

In many localities the Conservatives and Liberals joined against the Nationalists and succeeded in getting some of their candidates elected, but a large majority of Nationalists were elected, the Government party thereby retaining the strong hold they have on the country. The nominations for the Presidency will take place in February next.

Athlete Cosgrove in a Critical Condition.

ALBANY, Dec. 25.—John Cosgrove, the well-known athlete of this city, was operated upon to-day at the City Hospital for appendicitis, and is in a critical condition. He was taken ill on last Tuesday. Cosgrove is 29 years old. He first became prominent in athletic circles in 1894, at Bergen Point, where he was second in the all-around athletic championship games, E. W. Goff being first. In 1895 Cosgrove represented the Richfield A. A. of this city at Bergen Point. He defeated Larkin, winning the all-around athletic championship of America. He did not compete in 1896. This year he was defeated by Clark of Boston.

Shot Her Sister Dead by Accident.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 25.—Misses Hulda and Rene, the 12 and 15 year old daughters of John H. Harris, Eighteenth and Chester streets, were having a jolly Christmas time in the parlor today. They finally secured their father's pistol. Hulda ordered the sister to shoot and told her she was going to shoot. She thought it was empty. After the smoke cleared away Rene's dead body was found upon the floor, the ball having penetrated her right temple.

Knifed by a Jealous Husband.

George H. Lincoln, a comb designer of 401 East 123d street, found his wife with John Healy of 237 East 121st street in the rooms of Mrs. Green at the 121st street address last evening, and, attacking him with a pocket knife, wounded him seriously in the abomen. Lincoln and Healy are natives of Clinton, Mass., and Lincoln has been jealous of his fellow townsman for some time. Healy was taken to the Harlem Hospital. Lincoln was locked up.

Constipation And all its effects are promptly cured by Hood's Pills easily, thoroughly, and perfectly. 25 cents.

MORE FIRES IN CHICAGO.

THE QUADRANGLE CLUB AT THE UNIVERSITY DESTROYED.

Another Downtown Blaze Where Several Firemen Were Injured—Robbers Start a Fire Panic in a Department Store—One Man Was Burned to Death in the Coliseum Blaze.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The handsome building of the Quadrangle Club, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-eighth street, with its valuable collection of paintings and works of art, was destroyed by fire early this morning. The loss is estimated at $45,000.

The club was practically an adjunct of the University of Chicago, its membership being composed of university professors. It was one of the most select and exclusive clubs in the city. The treasures of art it contained were famous, and included rare and valuable paintings, sculpture, antiques, and curiosities, gathered in many lands by the men of culture and taste who directed its affairs.

The fire did its work so quickly and thoroughly that in little more than an hour after the blaze was discovered everything was consumed but the four ice-covered walls standing to mark the spot.

Six employes who slept on the premises had narrow escapes from death, and had it not been for the bravery and presence of mind of F. H. Wheeler, the steward of the club, they would probably all have perished.

The persons who escaped so narrowly were: F. H. Wheeler, steward, and his wife who slept on the third floor; Joseph Condon and Edward Woodruff, colored porters who slept in the basement; Thomas Morgan, the colored cook, and his wife, who slept in the basement.

Wheeler was awakened from sleep by falling china and glass ware in the burning pantry. He awakened the others and they got out in their bare feet.

The Fire Department was slow in getting to the blaze on account of the Coliseum fire, and failed to save anything. The loss was total. Some of the paintings were very valuable, among them being one by Lawrence Earle. The furnishings, aside from the art treasures, were valued at $7,000.

Prof. Harper, President of the Club, said the building would at once be replaced with one similar to the old clubhouse.

The six-story brick building 183 to 187 Fifth avenue was entirely destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock this morning. The blaze started on the fourth floor of the building, occupied by the Knickerbocker Shirt Company. The cause of the fire is unknown. Three firemen, John Kenney, Truck 1; James McCambridge, pipeman; Capt. Dennis McSweeney, Engine 31, were hurt by falling glass and débris. Capt. McSweeney cannot recover. He had a dozen broken bones. The dense smoke hampered the firemen in their work for an hour and they were unable to tell just where the fire was. Finally they entered the building and broke out the windows. As they did so, flames burst from the third and fourth floors.

Second and third alarms were sounded and thirty engines were soon at work. The building was occupied as follows: The basement and first floor by J. & P. Coats; second floor, Hillegas & Co., babies' shoes; third floor, F. A. Foster & C., dry goods; fourth floor, Knickerbocker Shirt Company; fifth floor, H. J. Franks, tailors' supplies; sixth floor, Blourock & Smith, hats and caps. The loss will aggregate $125,000.

By the ruse of starting a fire and causing a panic in the crowded store of M. Rothschild & Co. yesterday afternoon two men tried to execute a plan for robbing the store bank, which contained $70,000 at the time. The plot was frustrated only by the timely action of Miss Amelia Grodzinsky, one of the employees, who put out the fire, receiving severe burns. She alarmed the clerks in the bank.

The robbers escaped through the dense throng of shoppers. One of the men started a blaze in a small booth occupied by a public telephone. He then called "Fire!" The other set to work to admission to the bank inclosure, saying he was a fireman. He failed to get inside. After the blaze was extinguished kerosene and traces of gunpowder were found in the telephone booth.

COLISEUM WILL NOT BE REBUILT.

One body, burned almost beyond recognition, was taken from the ruins of the Coliseum today. It was that of N. H. Johnson, a carpenter in the employ of the Coliseum Company.

Johnson's death cannot be accounted for, as he was not even known to be missing, but it is supposed that he was attending to some work, or that he went into the blazing building to save his tools and was caught by the falling roof and buried. None of the others who were reported missing was burned, and all were found to have made their way in safety out of the building.

Nearly all the Chicago papers grossly exaggerated the financial losses. One estimated the total loss at $700,000, which is fully three times the actual loss. At an outside figure $100,000 would cover every dollar of losses sustained by exhibitors and occupants of the building, which were placed by one paper here at $450,000. Its figures were based on estimates given by exhibitors themselves.

As an instance, Frank Bostock, the Zoo man, placed his loss on a couple of carrousels, or "merry-go-rounds," at $100,000. They probably did not cost him $5,000. Other estimates were in like proportion. President Dickinson of the Coliseum Company said the Coliseum would not be rebuilt.

CRUSHED TO DEATH BY HIS ENGINE.

Fireman Calnan Killed in an Upset Caused by Turning Out to Save Two Lives.

Just the smallest kind of a fire in the top floor of the tenement at 554 Tenth avenue cost the life of Fireman James F. Calnan yesterday morning. Calnan was the driver on Engine 34, and was considered a careful and skilful horseman. The overturning of the engine which was the cause of the driver's death also injured Engineer Patrick F. Lenihan, but not seriously.

It was about 9 o'clock when an alarm came in at the engine house at 440 West Thirty-third street from the box at Tenth avenue and Forty-first street. The engine turned out immediately, as a first alarm from that box cal